

FINLEY'S FAMOUS Red Tag Reduction Sale Continues

UNTIL
Christmas Eve
DECEMBER 24, 1910

A MODEST YOUTH.

[Chicago News.]

Young Cressenden arose after a sleepless night in a decidedly nervous condition. He shaved himself with particular care and chose from his wardrobe a dark tweed business suit that he thought would have a sober and substantial effect, and although rather addicted to color in his neckware he contented himself on this occasion with a cravat of lustreless black silk, deciding that even satin would look rather too gaudy. Then he went down to breakfast and fortified himself with three large cups of black coffee. He tried to eat, but he could hardly force a mouthful.

At an hour later Cressenden entered the office of the John Stollbenker Construction Company.

The office boy took his card into a private room and in a few moments he was facing Her Father.

"Glad to see you, Cressenden," said that august personage, cordially. "Sit down. How is everything?"

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," said Cressenden. "How's everything with you? Is the family well?"

"Why, none of them have been stricken down in the night. You were in the house last evening, weren't you?"

Cressenden grew red. "Why-er-yes. Yes, certainly," he said. "I-er-thought—"

"You didn't notice any distressing symptoms, I hope?"

"No, sir. Oh, no. I hope you and the fam—you are looking well."

"I make a point of it," said the old gentleman, swinging his chair round to face his visitor more directly.

"Mighty fine day," said Cressenden, nervously.

"It would be if it wasn't raining so confoundedly hard."

Cressenden was too preoccupied to notice this remark. "I-er-suppose you are rather surprised to see me here this morning," he said. "But, you see, you went to bed last night and—er—"

He paused. "Yes, that's another of my habits," said Mr. Stollbenker, cheerfully.

Cressenden laughed in a rather constrained manner at the joke.

"I hope you weren't hurt because I went off to bed?" said the old

gentleman. "The fact is I was rather tired and I thought perhaps Katie could entertain you. I'm afraid she didn't succeed very well, though."

"It's about Katie—Miss Stollbenker," said Cressenden, with desperation.

"What is?" asked her father, with sudden sharpness.

"That I want to see you. I know that she's worlds too good for me and—"

"Who is?"

"Katie."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have been making love to my daughter, young man?" asked Mr. Stollbenker, with severity.

"I know it seems like presumption," said Cressenden, humbly.

"I know that I don't amount to anything particularly and that she is one of the loveliest, sweetest, noblest girls—"

"You admit that she is a rather superior sort of young woman?"

"I never met a girl that would come within a thousand miles of her," assented Cressenden, with fervor.

"And you don't amount to anything in particular, I think you said? But you came in here to ask my consent to an engagement?"

"I hoped that you might consent."

"You hoped that I might consent to give the loveliest, sweetest, noblest creature in the world—or one of 'em—to a man who by his own admission doesn't amount to anything in particular. I am to trust her future to a man who is unworthy of her—is that it?"

"I think I could make her happy. I know I would try," said the young man.

"You ask me to give my daughter to a young man distinctly unworthy of her. My answer is finally, unalterably, no."

Cressenden turned pale and took up his hat. "I was going to tell you something about my financial condition," he began, "but—"

"I don't want you to," said the old gentleman. "I took the trouble to find that out for myself some time ago. I also made some inquiries as to your character and habits and I supplemented these by my own careful observation. I may say that the result was highly satisfactory and if you had not assured me that I have been mistak-

en I might have consented."

Cressenden laid down his hat again, and the elderly gentlemen laughed.

"Another thing; Katie isn't any divinity," he said. "She's just a plain girl. I'm her father and I ought to know—and I'm mighty fond of her at that. In fact, I don't want to let her go. Still, if she likes you as well as she told me she did this morning, I'm not going to block the way to any great extent."

"Then you do consent?" cried Cressenden, joyfully.

"Why, of course," replied her father.

CLAUD.

Byrd Walker spent last week here with friends.

Frank Farmer has been visiting friends in Flatwoods.

Pork is plentiful, and the weather is fine for slaughtering.

Sheriff Alvin J. Howe was here on official business last week.

D. B. Thomas and F. C. Pafford were here on business last week.

Thomas Waters and family visited Mrs. G. W. Farmer Sunday.

T. J. Conway and Doin Farmer are engaged in the mill business.

Uncle John Patrick of Sulphur Creek was here last week selling books.

T. H. Ball, Robert Corbitt and Albert Melton were in Clydeton one day last week.

Misses Alma and Janie Ball of Eva are spending a few weeks here with relatives.

After being away for about three weeks our old friend H. L. Carney, is back on his job of carrying the mail from Eva to Claud.

WHEATLEYVILLE.

Dink Brewer was seen Sunday headed toward Bear River.

Noah Berry was on Harmons Creek buying furs last week.

Rev. A. E. Wilson will preach at Harmons Creek next Sunday.

T. M. Waters and Earl Holloman of Sulphur Creek visited on Harmons Creek Sunday.

Laycock & Weeks are moving to Danville, where they will engage in the saw mill business.

Noah Davidson, Wallace Rushing and Sug Holland were called to Camden on business Monday.

Frank Farmer of Arkansas, who has been here on an extended visit, will leave for home in a few days.

Christmas is near at hand, and the little folks are looking forward eagerly to the coming of Santa Claus.

Dock Benton will open a subscription school here next week. This is a splendid opportunity for all children who reside convenient to Wheatleyville.

Owing to cold weather the people of this community are not doing much work except rabbit hunting. Some of the boys think this is very good employment.

We are glad to learn that the Inglewood correspondent eat his turkey, but we fear it was one of the snipes the Claud correspondent caught and you don't know the difference.

CHESTNUT HILL.

H. L. Cherry made a flying trip to Way Saturday.

H. Belyew of Luterton has moved into this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Eulis Holland visited in Flatwoods Sunday.

Y. P. Simmons has moved from the river to the Stones place.

Bob Pafford and Erb Wright attended church here Sunday.

Mrs. Daisie Furr visited the family of J. L. Holland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Holland visited J. L. Holland and family Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Holland visited her sick sister at Mount Pleasant last Thursday.

Rev. A. E. Wilson preached a good sermon here Sunday and also at Flatwoods.

Eulis Holland found a chicken snake about three feet long last Friday morning.

Mrs. John Holland and Miss Lela Holland visited at T. W. Pafford's last Sunday.

I wish to correct a mistake as to the appointment of Rev. George W. Florence at Wesley Chapel, which will be the first Saturday night and Sunday in February instead of January.

Very few pupils are attending the school at this place. What is the matter, children? The time you lose now can never be recalled, and the time is not far distant when you'll regret it, but then it will be too late.

HARMONS CREEK.

Jim Lowry made a Crooked Creek Sunday.

Oscar Phifer and W. field were in Big Sandy.

Tom Conway spent his old friend, Henry.

Misses Cudie and I spent Sunday with Mrs. Jonie Rushing.

As the holiday season the boys and girls are plans for Christmas.

Misses Joy and L. of Way spent the evening with Miss Bessie Hartley.

Miss Maggie Blankenship from Arkansas, who ed her sister, Mrs. Ida.

Rev. A. E. Wilson for us Sunday, December every one who can hear him.

Tom Watters says in the singing at Hall's V. all the boys and girls body join with him the first Sunday in January your song books and ge we are going to have a

An Eye to Bush.

A farmer was the p of twelve children, s had been rocked in the by the same great too rocking the newest e evening when his wife r "John, that cradle is out; it's so rickety I'm s fall to pieces." "It is about used a her husband. Then, he \$10, he added: "The you go to town get a good one—one that will

A Cash Offer.

The Chronicle has m cial clubbing rate with phis Weekly Commercial by which we will furnis pers for one year for Th cle's regular subscrip \$1.00. The Commercial one of the largest and b in the South, and we hope many new subscriptions fer; \$1.00 cash for both

We will send The Chr the Southern Farm Adv year for \$1.00. Let us subscription at once.